

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
Post Paid to all parts of the world



"A"

HQ

"B"

ALLIED WITH 1ST THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

STANLEY BARRACKS
TORONTO, ONT.

September, 1934

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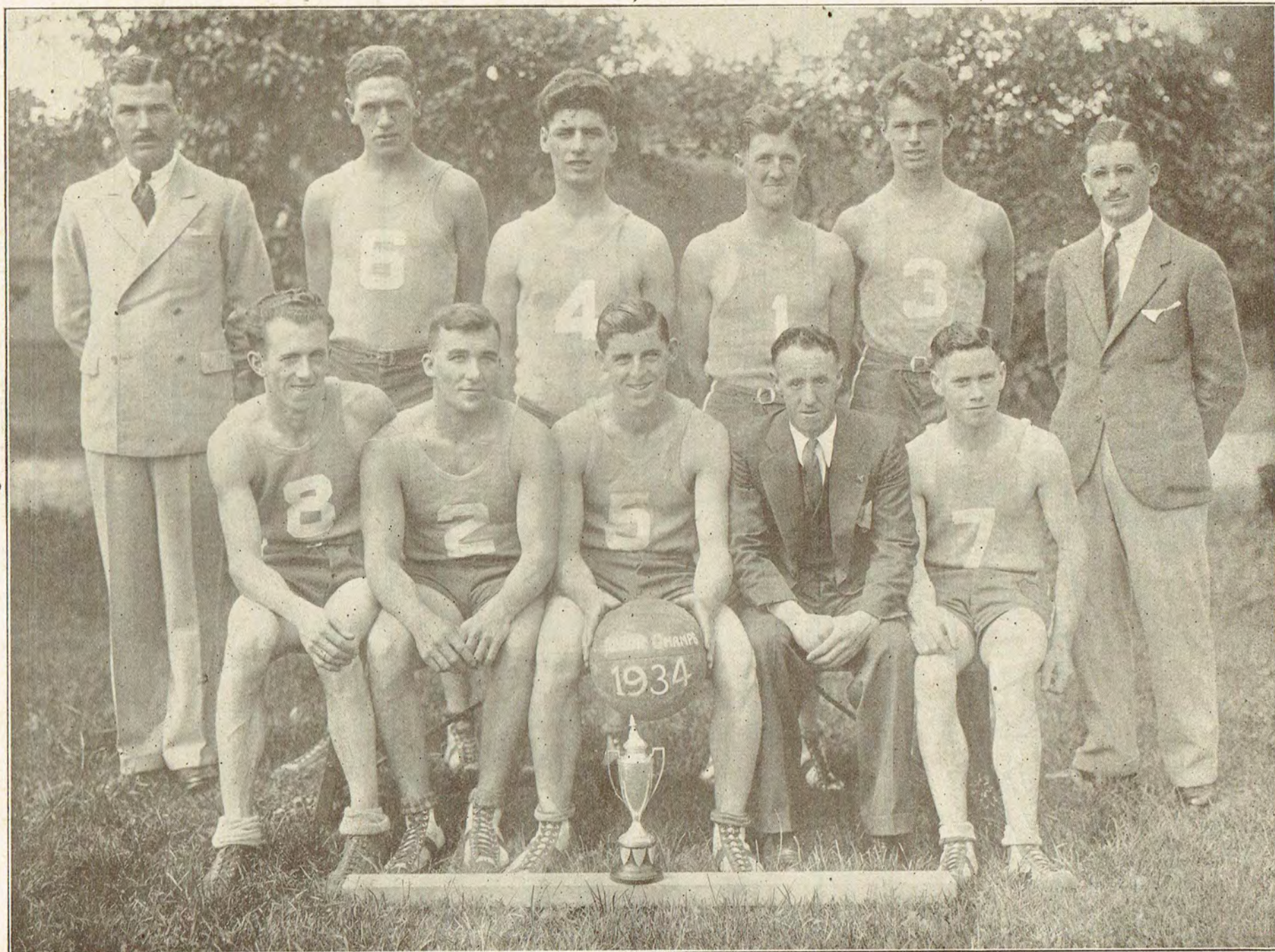
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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

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St. Johns Basket Ball Association. Play-off Championship 1934.



Standing left to right—Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick, (President), Tpr. A. Phin, Tpr. W. G. Doherty, Tpr. R. N. Staples,
Tpr. R. Jr. Hyder, Lieut. J. H. Larocque (Vice-President.)

Sitting left to right—Pte. H. W. Hamilton, Tpr. S. A. Carter, Tpr. W. H. Young, Cpl. F. W. Lawrence, (Manager
and Trainer), Tpr. G. Dunk.

Personal & Regimental

Captain and Brevet-Major M. H. A. Drury, who has been Second-in-Command of "A" Sqn., left on August 26th on the Duchess of Bedford for England. For the next two years Major Drury will be on exchange to the British Army, and at present is attached to the 4th Hussars at Colchester.

Lt.-Col. D. B. Bowie, was a visitor to Cavalry Barracks for a few days during the month.

Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D., has returned to Cavalry Barracks from Ottawa where he had assumed the duties of Administrative Officer at Central Machine Gun Camp, Connaught Ranges.

We offer congratulations to Cpl. and Mrs. T. Wheeler, R.C.D. on the arrival of a baby girl.

The following Officers and N. C.O.'s of the E.T.M.R. have taken their Annual Training at Cavalry Barracks.

Lieut. C. Young,
Lieut. Blair,
S.S.M. J. M. Ewan,
Sgt. W. J. Ridway,
Sgt. H. Cass,
Sgt. K. Cleveland,
Cpl. R. Baldwyn,
Cpl. J. Astin,
Cpl. H. Adams,
Cpl. W. Moyles,
Cpl. C. Mead,
Cpl. Hopkins,
Cpl. F. Smith,
Cpl. C. Kennedy,
Cpl. Edson,
Cpl. Spafford,
Cpl. Woodman.

All ranks "A" and "B" Sqn. join in mourning the death of S. M.I. (W.O.I.) H. E. Karcher, M. M., who died in Christie Street Hospital on August 27th, after a lingering illness. With his answering of the last "Roll Call", the Regiment loses a loyal soldier, a thorough sportsman, and a gentleman. The Squadron extend their sympathy to his widow. His outstanding popularity both as a soldier, and as a citizen was ably

demonstrated by the large crowd of friends who attended his funeral.

The Cavalry Camp School came to a close on Sept. 15th. We wish close on September 15th. We wish all the candidates the best of luck and success. Those attending the course were:

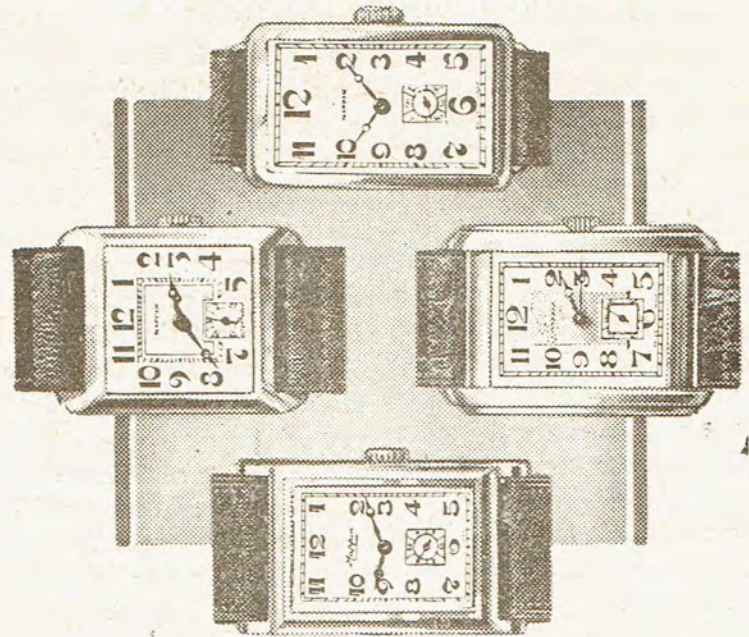
Lieut. W. W. Goforth, 17th Hrs.
2/Lt. A. A. Hugman, 17th Hrs.
Lieut. A. M. Fordyce, 17th Hrs.
Lieut. G. R. MacLeod, 6th Hrs.
Sgt. E. J. McCann, 17th Hrs.
Sgt. J. J. Anderson, 8th Hrs.
Sgt. A. I. Yeomans, 8th Hrs.
A/Cpl. H. A. Lefebvre, 17th Hrs.
A/Cpl. T. Fitzmaurice, 17th Hrs.
L/Cpl. G. M. Caron, 17th Hrs.
Cpl. E. J. Nolan, 17th Hrs.
Cpl. DeJubenville, 17th Hrs.
Cpl. M. Fleur De Lye 17th Hrs.
A/Cpl. C. G. Shepard, 17th Hrs.

S.Q.M.S. H. Simpson, has retired to pension this month. His many friends in "B" Squadron join in wishing him a long life to enjoy his well earned rest. "Dad" as he was affectionately known to all, never fully recovered from the effects of an accident which occurred a few years back, when he fell down a flight of stone steps during the time that the Squadron were "Standing to."

We were very glad to see Capt. Churchill Mann, at the Exhibition Horse Show during the month, and to notice that his Staff "Job" at Kingson hasn't interfered with his keenness for horses. He assures us that he enjoys the Goat very much as it keeps him in touch with Regimental Matters.

Congratulations are in order to the officers of the Regiment, who won the inter-municipal team event at the Exhibition Horse Show. Representing Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, they put up a splendid performance, and thoroughly deserved their popular win.

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BUENOS AIRES

We extend hearty congratulations to "Micky" Gilmore, on his promotion to the rank of Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant, vice S.Q. M.S. H. Simpson. Also to the following: L/Cpl. F. R. Parker, on his promotion to Corporal, L/Cpl. H. R. G. Figg on his appointment to L/Cpl. with pay, and to "Charlie" Smith, on his appointment to Acting Lance-Corporal.

We are also very glad to meet our old friend Charlie Meeker, and his family, who were in Toronto

for the Warriors Day Parade "Charlie" was leading the Kitchener Branch of the Canadian Legion, and they made a fine showing as they marched past. Later, we were fortunate enough to meet many of our Kitchener friends, whom we last met during those memorable hockey matches last winter.

We acknowledge with thanks Canadian Quarterly, the Canadian Veteran, the Esquimalt Patrician, and the Household Brigade Magazine.



Electricity Transforms the Home

LET US SHOW YOU HOW

Southern Canada Power Company Limited

We welcome to "B" Squadron Trooper, Paul Francis Connolly who enlisted during the month.

Another of our comrades to leave us this month is Tpr. C. Northrup who having completed his service in the Royal Canadian Dragoons is starting out into civilian life again.

Joining the Regiment on September 11th., 1931, Tpr. Northrup proved himself a very efficient soldier and though being of a very quiet disposition he made many friends. We all wish him the best of luck and success and hope to see him again in the near future.

The results of the N.C.O.'s and Trooper Classes at the Exhibition are as follows:

Military Mounts

- 1st—Sergt. J. Y. MacDonald,
- 2nd—L/Cpl. H. W. Price.
- 3rd—Tpr. P. H. Stratton,
- 4th—Sergt. F. A. Green.

Military and Police Mounts

- 3rd—L/Cpl. H. W. Price,
- 4th—Sergt. J. Y. MacDonald

St. Johns Notes.

FOOTBALL

Cavalry Barracks

The first football game of the season was held at Cavalry Barracks on Saturday afternoon Aug. 25th when the R.C.R. and R.C.D. Garrison team played off to a good start when they defeated the Sun Life Montreal House League at Soccer defeating them with a score of 2 to 1.

In spite of a heavy south west wind both teams dug right in and continued to press on right through the first half. The Army defence seemed unbreakable and with Brier in Goal the Insurance men found themselves up against a pretty stiff team.

Goals came in fast and the Army featuring a long attack

were often in the visitors territory Wilkinson scored the first goal when he sent the ball out to Jewkes at right wing who centred, the goaler clearing to Lawrence who placed it at Marshall's disposal. Marshall promptly scored a goal from close in, the second one following closely. After this the Insurance men swung down to the attack again using short passing game. They rushed the half line and getting in close enough to get the ball in scoring position and Griffiths centre forward scored for the Montreal team.

The line is as follows:

Brier, goal; Quartly and Brammer, backs; Sephton, Wilkinson, and Carter, halves; Marshall, centre; Jewkes, Hayes, Jenkins and Lawrence.

Cavalry Barracks

The football season is certainly starting out with a bang this fall (judging by the weather we might call it the fall) our Garrison football team seems much stronger this year and if they keep up the good work as they have been doing they will certainly be on the map, if not already there.

Thursday evening, September 6th was filled full of action and pep when the Great War veterans from the Canadian National Workshops in Montreal came down and challenged the Garrison to a snappy game.

Sephton started the ball rolling right after the kick off when he scored the first goal. Wilkinson scored on a ground shot and Marshall headed in a smart counter to climax a passing play of merit to end that half.

A tough break was handed to the C.N.R. team when one of the players attempted to back pass to the goal keeper, the ball rolled just over the line. The goal keeper was taken by surprise and a goal was scored against their own team.

Sephton assisted by Marshall's well taken corner kick ended the scoring, the game finishing up with a score of 5 to 0 in favour of the Garrison.

The team playing the game were: Brier, Jenkins, Brammer, Jewkes, Wilkinson, Carter, Sephton, Marshall, Taylor, Hayes, Lawrence and Wendon.

FOOTBALL

In spite of the miserable rain that was handed out to us on Wednesday evening, September 12th the Garrison team went down in history winning the P.M.B.S. Trophy against the Hart Battery with a score of 5 to 1.

McKeown playing for the Hart Battery scored the first goal from a penalty given to his team. With no further scoring on either side the Garrison went into action. Slowly but surely they worked up to the crucial moment. The Hart Battery were unaware of what was coming, neither were the few spectators who faithfully turned out in the drizzle to cheer the boys on. Suddenly the fire works started. Sephton received the ball from Wilkinson worked himself in close, beat the backs to it, put Beattie out of position and scored a goal for the Garrison, four goals followed so fast that no one could tell who had put them in. The second defence for Hart Battery made a brave stand but were unable to cope with the situation. After the game the P.M.B.S. Trophy was presented by Walter McKellar, Cup Trustee to the Capt. of the team (Wilkinson). We offer congratulations to the team, everyone deserves the greatest credit for the clean sportsmanlike manner in which the game was played.

Those playing on the Garrison team were:

Brier, Taylor, Brammer, Jewkes, Wilkinson, Carter, Hayes, Sephton, Lawrence, Marshall, and Jenkins.

CRICKET

Cavalry Barracks

Cavalry Barracks cricket team is still holding its own as it proved when it met another "Staglamite" Eleven on Sunday August 26th. Although the local team were again defeated they put up a hard game giving the visitors all they could handle.

Ross-Smith and Griffiths, all of Montreal team finally came to the rescue with 18 and 26 respectively. Cook, with 4 wickets for 14 was the best local bowler, Russell 3 for 33, Lawrence 2 for 41, and Brammer 1 for 13 accounted for

the remainder.

On going up to bat the locals found it hard going losing the first 3 wickets for 7 runs. At 16 3 more wickets fell and the innings soon closed at 39. Jewkes being high scorer with 9. Price and Griffiths each accounted for 4 of the local wickets. The local team may be having a tough time at present but they are gaining experience fast and it will not be long before they will top the list.

LITTLE TESTS OF WILL POWER

(Courtesy of the Saturday Evening Post)

CAN YOU:

- 1.—Meet a friend who is suffering from a cold and refrain from suggesting your favourite remedy?
- 2.—Leave a party as soon as you've told your host you must go.
- 3.—Mail a letter for somebody else without glancing at the name and address on the envelope?
- 4.—Locate a buzzer under the dining room table without squirming around in your chair and making horrible faces?
- 5.—Buy new shoes laces before the old ones break, or new garters when you realize that the old ones are about worn out?
- 6.—Clean out the attic without stopping to read old magazines newspapers.
- 7.—Take the time and patience necessary to (a) refold a road map, dress pattern, or railroad time table, in its original creases? (b) or dry your hands thoroughly on one paper towel.
- 8.—Pass an excavation without loitering to watch the steam shovel at work.
- 9.—Pass a Wet Paint sign without touching the article to see if it's really wet.
- 10.—Resist the impulse to push the Down elevator button even though half a dozen other people are already waiting for the car.
- 11.—Drop a letter into a mail box without clanking the lid noise four or five times.
- 12.—Clean your eye glasses without (a) blowing on them, (b) holding them up to the light to

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25 St. James Street

ST. JEAN, P.Q.

see if they are clean.

If the answer to all these questions is yes, you are one of the following (1) an extraordinarily remarkable sort of person or (2) a liar of the first water.

News of Other Days.

TEN YEARS AGO

Items taken from the Goat of
September 1924

On Wednesday evening, September 3rd the members of the Sgt. Mess gathered together to give a send off to Sgt. A. A. "Pete" Merrixx, who was leaving the service to return to civilian life. The evening was spent in the customary manner when good fellows get together. Old Pete, always of a retiring disposition surprised his comrades by singing a few songs entitled "Beans" and "Hebrews" in a voice which caused the troops in their quarters to fancy that a fog horn had been established in the light house on the Richelieu River. Needless to say his vocal efforts were received with rounds of applause.

Congratulations to L/Cpl. E. Boucher and Mrs. Boucher, on the arrival of a bouncing baby girl.

Coburg Horse Show

The Musical Ride was as popular as ever and received the highest praise from the Coburg Horse Show Association. Major Timmis and Cpt. Bate rode in a dozen classes apiece and secured many ribbons between them.

Sgt. T. Doran is proceeding to England on the 20th September to visit his parents, and is returning on the 31st of October.

A Musical Ride consisting of 16 W.O's, N.C.O., and Men under the command of Lieut. L. D. Hammond with S.S.M. Smith as Master of Ceremonies, left for Sherbrooke, Que. on Sunday Aug. 24th the horses having been entrained the previous evening. Lt. Hammond took several prizes in the Horse Show held in connection with the exhibition.

Still going strong—The Canadian Small Arms School is still in full swing and will be until the first part of October.

WEDDING

The New York Sun reported:—"Warden Clarence Merritt and Deputy Warden Frank Phelan, of the Yonkers city jail announce the marriage of their prisoner, Philip Slavickas of 152 Riverdale Avenue Yonkers, to Miss Isabella Spero, of 1252 Sixty-second Street, Brooklyn.

The marriage took place in the barred cubicle of Warden Merritt's office at the Yonkers jail. Justice of the Peace Albert Fiorillo officiated. Miss Spero was tastefully dressed in a black tailored ensemble and wore corsage of gardenias. Mr. Slavickas wore the customary striped trousers, the stripes running horizontally instead of vertically.

The wedding was small and restricted to intimate friends. The families of the bride and bridegroom did not attend. The witnesses were Mr. Merritt and Mr. Phelan. After the ceremony the happy couple separated the bridegroom returning to his bachelor cell block in the jail, the bride to the home of her parents.

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Plotkar Slavickas of Glotz, Lithuania. He came to this country as a young man and after a preliminary education in the public schools...entered Elmira Penitentiary after successfully passing the entrance requirements. Mr. Slavickas graduated on parole with the class of 1932. While at Elmira he was quarter-back on the football team."

The couple had made arrangements to marry on April 21 and obtained a license for that date but a crisis in the affairs of Mr. Slavickas caused the marriage to be advanced. It appears that Mr. Slavickas was celebrating his forthcoming nuptials with a party of friends on Friday night at his home. It was by way of being a bachelor's dinner and refreshments were plentiful.

As the evening progressed and the guests departed in varying stages of felicity, Mr. Sla-

vickas suddenly found himself in possession of a revolver. He looked around and discovered that he was in strange surroundings—in fact, he was in the middle of a dark, deserted street.

"Unable to explain the presence of the gun in his hand, yet feeling that something ought to be done about it, he began loading the chambers with a few odd cartridges he oddly discovered in his vest pocket. It was at this point that he felt a hand on his shoulder and a policeman's breath on the back of his neck.

Mr. Slavickas was escorted to the Yonkers City Jail, where a charge of violation of the Sullivan law was placed against him. His fiancée, Miss Spero...felt that while there was life there was hope, and the following morning arrived at the jail with the marriage license in her purse.

Mr. and Mrs. Slavickas are now awaiting the action of the Grand Jury with eager anticipation."

THE PRINCE OF WALES URGES GOOD ADVERTISING.

No one has worked harder than the Prince of Wales in the cause of British industry and commerce. He has been termed the Empire's best salesman. As he is a great believer in advertising he consented recently to address the Advertising Association of London. He pointed out that the great task of advertising, that of selling the products of workshops and factories, is more urgent than ever because while industrial production has increased enormously there is still a lagging consumption. The greatest problem today and probably for many years to come is to sell all the goods they could make. The Prince went on to say:—

"Towards this end I am quite certain that good advertising will play a very vital part. Good advertising goes hand in hand with salesmanship. I think you know that these are questions I have studied very closely. I do not pretend to be an expert, but I have studied the questions of salesmanship and advertising, not

from statistics, but from many years of travel, not only in this country but throughout the world, and hearing for myself and—far more important—seeing for myself. Experience has taught me that, just as unmined gold has no value, so are articles and manufactured goods hidden away in until made known and made desirable warehouses and factories, useless by the art of advertising. Nowadays we are competing in a fierce market, and we have to face foreign competitors that usually take not the restricted but the longer view of the value of advertisement. I am personally the first to admit that we are becoming more advertising minded. There is evidence of that wherever you travel around in this country. But I do not think our standard of advertising is as high as it is in some foreign countries. I am not going to teach you your job, but could I sum it up in a few words? I think there are examples of how we could be more subtle in our advertisements, more subtle in our posters and boardings, and there are ways in which we could intrigue our public more. There are so many ways of doing this that I will not elaborate them. Only think when you travel or in your own minds how you could intrigue the public more."

The first advertising convention ever held in Great Britain was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales during the exhibition at Wembley ten years ago and from that convention the Advertising Association took its birth.

Now You Tell One

It appears that a farmer residing in Owasso, Mich., arrived home recently from the Presque Isle Country and declared that while he was fishing in a stream in that country he caught a five pound pike. As he was pulling the fish in, a half grown bear leaped in to the water and swallowed the fish which had drawn the line under a submerged log. As the farmer drew on the line he claimed that it drew the bear's nose under the water and drowned it. The bear and the fish were recovered and the bear skinned.

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Milk, Cream and
Butter

All pasturized

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The Goat is printed by E. R. Smith
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Johns, Q.C.**Toronto Notes.****Here and There.**

We have been hearing much "gab" over the air about the magnificent prizes offered on "My visit to the Exhibition," and although we did not enter, we feel sure that we could perhaps have won the fourth prize of "one pair kippers"....during the two weeks that the Exhibition was open, we made sundry excursions to the grounds, and flattered ourselves that we saw everything that was free, a habit that is gaining in popularity these days.....naturally the Knellar Hall band was the centre of much interest, and as we had heard a lot about the Conductor's caustic remarks, we found a seat close up on every occasion.....we were disappointed when we didn't even hear him tell them they were "Full of Hot air", as on other occasions he had called them everything from "Blasted Sausages" to "Underdone Hamburgers".....however, we were quite thrilled by their music, and it must be admitted that it is the best band we have ever heard, anywhere.....the band used the Barracks as a stamping ground for their daily practice, and so we heard lots of them.....also, one of their number "Dusty" by name took such a liking to the horses, that he rose at Reveille and turned out with the Exercise Ride.....we spent several hours in silent admiration of the mechanical woman, and finally decided that the only chance we will ever have of having someone lay out our slippers, is for us to get one for ourselves....and from there we took a casual glance at the "Fall of Ninevah", and having looked well at the close-ups, we felt sure that had we only been there, we would have fallen as hard as any of them.....Fanny, whose artistic sense is awakened by the appearance of the earliest buttercup waxed strong over such things as the "shade on the brass cuspidors", and the shadow effect in the background, but personally we saw far too many more interesting figures to bother with such trifles, but then we are no artist....we took a look at the motor show and selected the car we will buy

when our horse comes in in the Cambridgeshire next month, that is, if we can keep it "dark" from our old friend "Mitch" Hep....we were very glad to hear from our old pal Hee' Munro during the month....and we congratulate most heartily our friend "Al" and also J.A.C. likewise "Micky", "Fanny", "A.B.C." and "Sharlie" who have all taken steps up the ladder to fame....nice work boys, and lots of luck to you....the furlough season is on, and men on furlough are already searching their pockets for that lost dime which vanished during Camp when they were on the gold standard.. the Three Musketeers of King Street were much in the limelight, making their weekly trips in to Barracks on Sunday...."Duffy", alias Tom, has been very silent of late, and doesn't seem the same at all....we give three loud cheers for the Douglass Brothers, and their dog "Pharaoh" who earned fame for the Barracks in the Dog Derby by winning two second places, and a fourth in the Grand Championship.....it might be mentioned in this connection that the dog, who is really a middleweight was entered in the heavyweight class, and in the Championship, it was the first dog to finish who started at scratch....nice work Doug....and we give several little short bouts of joy for Mac, Al, Stratty and Pinky, who won places in the Saddle Class.....and that about concludes the awards for this month....we have been much too busy to give this column the attention it deserves, and we have visions of the Editor frothing at the mouth at the delay in receiving our Copy.....however, we will do better next month, when we may be on furlough.....and so to bed.

J. B. H.

(Tune-Four and Twenty Black-birds baked in a Pie).

Four and Twenty Yankees
Feeling very dry

Took a trip to Canada

And bought a case of Rye

When the case was opened

The Yanks began to sing

To hell with the President

And God save the King.

(Montreal Labour Day, Lloyd and Lawrence.)

History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Compiled by the late Maj. T. A. James, R.C.D. and verified and edited by Mr. R. C. Feathers-tonaugh.

Part X V**Lieut.-Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O.**
Assumes Command

On April 3rd, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O., having arrived from the Tank Corps, assumed command of the Regiment, which on the 4th paraded to hear a farewell address by the G.O.C.

Small parties of officers and other ranks proceeded to England for leave and for demobilization on the days that followed; and on the 13th the Regiment entrained at Woincourt for Le Havre, where on the 14th and 15th rehearsals for embarkation were held. U unit embarked at LeHavre, at 4 p.m. April 16th 1919, having served for four years, less three weeks in France and Belgium.

England

At 1 a.m. on April 17th, 1919, the troop-ship dropped anchor at Southampton and docked at 7.45 a.m. The Regiment disembarked at 8 a.m. entrained, reached Liphook Station and marched to Bramshott Camp, arriving at 2 p.m.

At Bramshott, routine, varied by leave, continued until May 3rd, when 7 officers and 80 other ranks proceeded to London, to take part in a march of Overseas Dominion troops.

On May 9th the Brigade was inspected by Maj.-General the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, C.B., C.M. G. D.S.O. who wished all ranks good fortune upon their approaching departure to Canada.

Presentation of Guidon

On May 16th, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught, presented a new guidon to the Regiment, which was drawn up on the football field at Bramshott for the ceremony. After the presentation, the personnel of the Regiment were granted leave until May 18th.

On May 21st the Regiment

moved by rail to Liverpool and embarked for Canada on the R. M.S. CARMANIA, with a strength of 15 officers and 253 other ranks.

The Post War Period

The Regiment disembarked at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and proceeded to Stanley Barracks, Toronto, where the Depot Squadron had been stationed during the war. This squadron was absorbed with its horses into three squadron and Regimental Headquarters.

In January 1920, 'A' Sqn. was sent to Cavalry Barracks, at St. Johns, P.Q., where it had been stationed before the war. This unit conducts the Royal School of Cavalry for the Province of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

In the Spring of 1920 reduction was made in the strength of the Permanent Force of the Dominion, and 'C' Squadron was disbanded, the personnel and horse being absorbed into the rest of the Regiment. The squadrons at this time were about 150 strong, with 130 horses. A Cadre Machine Gun was formed and divided between the two Stations. The sabre squadrons were still armed with the Hotchkiss Gun. Pre-war full dress was issued for ceremonial use.

War Memorials

A bronze tablet at Stanley Barracks was unveiled by His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire in May 1921. A brass tablet of 13 officers killed or died of wounds in the Great War was unveiled in the St. Johns Garrison Church, Toronto, in November 1920. A memorial clock was installed at the Barracks at St. Johns, Que., and a memorial bell was also hung. This came from the S.S. Laurentic, which took the Regiment less the horses and details, to England in 1914, and which was subsequently sunk by a German mine.

Colours and Guidons

A guidon, presented in 1901 by H.R.H. the Duke of York (now His Majesty King George V) and a South African banner donated by His Majesty King Edward VII in 1902, were placed in St. Johns Garrison church, Toronto, in Nov.

1919.

The present Regimental guidon is the one presented to the Regiment by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught in England, in May 1919.

Regimental Parades

Ceremonial parades are held each year on the King's Birthday, June 3rd and on Armistice Day, November 11th. The officers' Reunion dinner is held each year at the end of March, in commemoration of the ten day's heavy fighting which opened on March 21st, 1918. Every third year this dinner is held at St. Johns, other years in Toronto. The Old Comrades Association Re-union is held at Toronto each year at about the same date. This association also holds an annual picnic at Niagara-on-the-Lake, in June or July. A pair of silver trumpets and banners was presented to the regiment in 1931 at this Picnic. One was given by the Association and the other by the R.C.D. Great War Trust Fund.

Major (now Lieut.-Col.) D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., started, "The Goat" a monthly Regimental magazine after the war. This is published at St. Johns, Que.

General Officers

Lieut.-Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O., brought the Regiment back from the war. Lieut.-Col. A. McMillan, D.S.O., took command in 1919; and Lieut.-Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O. in April 1920 on re-organization. Lt. Col. Bell, reassumed command in 1924; Lieut. Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., took over in 1927; and Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. succeeded him in 1931.

Peace Duties

Between the South African War and the Great War, and during the post war period, numerous escorts have been provided from both stations for the successive Governors-General at their ports of arrival and departure, and on their visits to Toronto, Montreal and other cities. Similar escorts have been provided to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on two occasions since the war.

Musical rides have been presented at numerous fairs and exhi-

bitions. They have been Annual features at the Canadian National Exhibition and the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto. A Regimental equestrian Circus was organized and operated for several years, performing in different cities and before many notable personages.

His Majesty King George V, as mentioned previously, became Co-in-Chief of the Regiment in 1921. On the death of Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B., in 1927, Major General V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G. became Honorary Colonel of the Regiment.

Winter months have been occupied in conducting Royal Schools of Cavalry at Toronto and St. Johns where officers and N.C.O's of the Militia Cavalry qualify in their rank.

The personnel of the Toronto Station train at Niagara Camp for two or three months each year. On four occasions the Regiment has proceeded to Petawawa Camp, Ont. for one or two months of combined training and manoeuvres.

The Regiment spent part of the Summers of 1922, 1923 and 1925 on duty in Cape Breton Is. and, Nova Scotia, where difficulties in the coal and steel industries had produced strikes and some rioting.

Each year since 1925, the Canadian Team in the International jumping Competitions at the New York Horse Show has been composed almost entirely of Royal Canadian Dragoons officers.

Two young women evidently strangers to each other, were seated at the same table at the Chez Maurice. One of them had finished her supper, the other was about to begin.

The girl who had finished at back in her chair, and lit a cigarette. The other seemed to resent this and said: "I suppose you do not object to my smoking? The first girl looked at her and answered brightly: "Well, no, not so long as I can hear the Orchestra."

Owing to the "Office Boy" being on furlough, there are no Sergeants' Mess notes this month.

Mechanization.

One again the Cavalry Barracks has returned to its normal state of quietness, with only the sound of horses feet to break the silence. Gone are the Crosley trucks, with their roaring exhausts (and some times clanking gears) and the personnel who were attached to them for instructional purposes have returned to their respective duties, in the stables.

It was a great life while it lasted and was thoroughly enjoyed by all on the course, and now "A" Squadron can justly boast that they have amongst them some very good mechanics (all car owners please note.)

All those on the course join with me in expressing a sincere appreciation of the efforts of C. M.S. Waghorne who conducted the part (1) or theoretical part of the course, and it was undoubtedly his hard work and extra time spent on us that enabled us to make such good progress during the course.

Again our appreciation is also given to Captain Plow, R.C.H.A., Sgt. G. Lawson, R.C.A., and the five drivers who accompanied them, who gave us such wonderful tuition on part (II) (practical) of the course.

To see our boys doing Armoured car drill on the big field was a sight worth seeing, all movements and the formations were carried out by flog signal with the precision of expert drivers, and earned the congratulations of the Capt. Plow.

The mobility of armoured cars was ably demonstrated by a reconnaissance scheme carried out with them. The cars travelled a distance of fifty miles, each driving the three hours they were out. During that time the enemy was discovered, reports sent back to Headquarters 3 1/2 miles away and a section of cars sent a distance of over three miles to attack the enemy in the rear which was successfully carried out.

Although the Crosley Light 6 wheelers have gone away from St. Johns we are still carrying on with "Mechanics" under the able tuition of Lt. Larocque. We have at our disposal 3 cars of fairly an-

cient vintage, to pull to pieces, and see what makes the wheels go round.

For the time being we will have to forget such terms as "Double Clutching" "Changing up and down" R.P.M., M.P.H. and tappet adjustments, etc., and come back to horse sense. Some time in the near future maybe, a Santa Claus in the guise of the W. O. may some day present us with some kind of A.F.V. of our own, when again the Square will resound to exhausts, backfires, and smell of gosoine but when that will happen is in the hands of the Gods.

As some wag remarked when the R.C.H.A. were mechanized "Gone is the pomp and glamour of the old Horse Artillery, all one hears these days is double-clucking.

One of the Mechanics. . .

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Feel unequal to the test?

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A solution you can find

Think it through.

Are you out of luck and work

Think it through.

Face your problems, do not shirk

Think it through.

Seek and find your proper place

Persevere with smiling face

Be a warrior in the race.

Think it through.

Do you feel like giving up?

Think it through.

Is your share a bitter cup?

Think it through.

God gives you the power to do

He will make it clear to you

You must do some thinking, too

Think it through.

Tel. 83

ALCIDE COTE, B.A., L.L.B.

Avocat—Lawyer

27 Place du Marche — St. Johns.

The Yarns of "Hell's Bells" O'Neil.

The Woman Who Reformed the Squadron

"Pass me the bottle," says "Hell's Bells" O'Neil, "and let us pray for the souls who land downwind. I've seen many strange things in my life, but I never yet saw a war that could be run properly after the women get any nearer the hangars than the Rue d'Amiral Courbet. It all happened while the Major was away. He was a hard-boiled lobster that Major, but he'd had his shell cracked by a couple of 'emma gee' steel jackets, so he was playing his poker in Ward C at Etaples for the nonce. For my part, I'd been up visiting a sick friend in Paris who had had a relapse, so I wasn't around either when it happened.

"Well, I bust into the drome about four pip emma hungry as a chorus girl in an expensive restaurant, and dirty as a sloppy louse. I leave 'Sarah' at the hangars and steam up to the mess shack on high, looking for a smoke and a meal. For a moment I think I'm in the wrong place. First of all it's all newly painted inside and there is white curtains at the windows and a carpet on the floor. Then I see MacPherson's ugly face and I know I'm home. 'Leaping Moses!' I snort. 'Give us a smoke Mac.'

"Shh!" he hisses. 'Stop your swearing and wipe yer feet on the mat there!'

"'Yeh!' I says. 'Pardon me for busting into your boudoir, but who the hell is acting O.C. here anyway? Have you got a cigarette or haven't you?'

"'Shh!' he hisses. 'You can't smoke here, man!'

"'Say! I yelps, 'my wings aren't on my shoulder blades. I leave this squadron five minutes and it stuffs a handkerchief up its sleeve. What's the idea?'

"'You'll see,' he says. And I did.

"Right then and there the door opens and I never seen such a sight in my life. In come the boys with their best white cord britches on, their belts polished and their hair soaped down and

three or four of them had even gone so far as to wash their necks! In the midst of them is a woman. She's a dapper little girl with yellow hair. She's all tricked out in Hotel Cecil blue and gold, which was that ice cream uniform Bolo House invented after they ruined the Royal Flying Corps by mixing it with one part Navy and two parts ground generals. Well the gold bands on this girl says 'Capt. ain' and right away I see the yellow hair says "Good-bye Squadron. I liked to of swooned. Mac-bum-rushes me out the back way to wash up. 'She's here in charge of the lady truck drivers, he says 'and there ain't anything to do but pray. All the gang's in love with her and the place looks like a dancing school on graduation night. They ain't taking no more interest in the war than a staff captain. They don't drink or smoke or swear any more and half of them is carrying pocket combs and handkerchiefs.

"'MacPherson,' I says, 'get me four drinks and a rifle.'

"'No good,' he says. 'She rates the mess 'cause she ranks as a captain and the boys did all this themselves. They'll be painting the ships pink next and sewing Brussels lace borders on their trailing edges. This is the worst complicated war I was ever in. It ain't safe, nor moral nor decent any more.'

"'By the spavined hind leg of a duck!' I says, 'the shock'll kill the Major.'

"'Yeh,' he says 'You're right I took me a bath meself over it yesterday.'

"'She's gotta go, before he gets back; that's all there is to it,' I says, but she didn't.

"The next three weeks was hell. The boys gave up vingty-one and took up euchre. Also the favourite cuss words was 'landsakes alive' and 'dear, dear me' and 'merciful heaven.' Half of them was drinking milk and the other half was knitting wristlets for soldiers. The flying fell off so much they wouldn't of shot a Hun if they found him in their own sleeping bags. MacPherson was shaving every three days and the mess sergeant was wearing white pants and serving all the meals from clean plates. I began to feel like I was running a girls' boarding

school and 220 Squadron, our old whiskey comrades sends over a note asking how O'Neil's Petticoat Circus was coming along and would we like two lumps of lemon and could we give them a good recipe for cup cake and there was a lovely bargain in pink lace guimpes at Au Printemps and a lotta other things that an officer and a temporary gentleman wouldn't repeat even to a brigadier general. Well, I was just looking around for another war to get me a job in when the Major comes back from Etaples. I grab him and sit him down in the Flight Office. 'Listen Joe,' I says. 'I gotta shock for you. The squadron's gone suffragette and there's hell to pay. We got an officer skirt dumped on us from Bolo House; and—and --'

"'Yeh?' he yells. 'Don't tell me the rest, I've read a book. Bring her in while I sack her, and get Wing H.Q. on the phone while I ask 'em politely what it is they want me to run down here.'

"Well, I beat it out and send in this lady captain and round up my convoy of Don Juans for a little sky-flying over to the Cambrai grounds. I get back at dusk and beat it down to the Major's shack to hear the story. He's standing before a shaving mirror with a pair of white cord britches on and a clean shirt and he's sort of polishing off his hair with a couple of combs and a bottle of French grease.

"'Is she gone!' I asks politely

"'Well, ummmmm,' he says. 'er, to be quite frank a bit. 'You see she seems to be quite a capable young woman, and besides I couldn't very well send her away tonight, could I? Rather awkward.'

'I smiles at him, sort of coy. He wiggles some more. "All right I says. "Button up your coat Padre, and come on over to the Mess. Me and MacPherson is having a farewell dinner. We just heard they're a couple of squadrons with hair on their chests downs in the Vosges. We got our pride, we have.'

"'Yeh?' he says. 'Well, let me tell you, O'Neil I'm major here and when I say she's a damn fine woman, I mean it!'

Record of Other Regiments.

The Northumberland Fusiliers Battle-Honours

Borne on the Regimental Colour: "Wilhelmstahl", "St. Lucia, 1778," "Rolica," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Cuidad Rodrigo," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Lucknow," "Afghanistan, 1878/80," "Khar-toum," "Modder River," "South Africa, 1899/1902."

Borne on the King's Colour:—"Mons," "Marne, 1914," "Ypres, 1914, 1915, 1917, 1918," "St. Julien," "Some, 1916, 1918," "Scarpe, 1917, 1918," "Selle," "Piave," "Struma," "Suvla."

Speaking at Alnwick in July 1923, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales said "Northumberland is a County whose record of service to the country has always been a notable one, and never more so than in the late war. Those splendid regiments The Northumberland Fusiliers and The Northumberland Hussars, were loyally supported by the men of Northumberland, and, wherever they were called upon to serve, they fully maintained that great reputation for stout hearted courage and endurance which their ancestors won long ago in Border warfare."

The nicknames borne by the county's infantry regiment:—"The Fighting Fifth," "The Ever Fighting, Never Failing Fifth," "The Old and Bold," "Lord Wellington's Body Guards", and "The Shiners,"—testify to the warlike qualities of the Northumberland Fusiliers, likewise to their regiments' antiquity and its reputation for smartness.

A seventeenth century writer, James Howell, in a book entitled "Foreign Travel", published in 1640, describes the Netherlands as "the very cockpit of Christendom, the School of Arms and Rendezvous of all adventurous spirits and Cadets, which makes most Nations of Europe beholden to them for soldiers." Great Britain, in particular, is beholden to them for three fine infantry regiments. The Buffs, The Northumberland Fusiliers, and the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, all of which ori-

ginated among the British soldiers of fortune who took service under the Dutch flag.

The year 1674 is usually accepted as the birthdate of the Regiment now known as the Northumberland Fusiliers, and Lord Clare was the first Colonel, but he was succeeded within a few months by Sir John Fenwick (bearer of a very well-known Northumberland name,) under whose command it is stated that "the regiment took rank as the first English regiment at The Hague. The Drummers beat the English march, and tradition has it that for badge they wore St. George and the Dragon, their motto being the same as that on the banner of the Sidneys. "QUO FATA VOCANT" ("Whither the Fates Call"), while their coats were lined with gosling green." After a lapse of over two and a half centuries the same badge, motto and facings are still cherished by the regiment. Gosling green, it may be mentioned, is a peculiar shade, somewhat resembling the fading leaves of autumn, and is worn by no other regiment. Sir John Fenwick was executed (as a Jacobite) at the Tower of London in 1697.

Besides campaigns in the Netherlands, the regiment in its early days served at sea as Marines, and also took part in William III's Irish campaigns; in the wars in Spain and Portugal, 1708/9, the siege of Gibraltar, 1727, and the raids on the coast of France between 1757 and 1759. At the battle of Wilhelmstahl, in Germany, 1762, the regiment (now known as the Fifth Foot) defeated the Grenadiers of France, three thousand of whom surrendered to the "Fighting Fifth," who were then granted the privilege of wearing grenadier caps.

In 1767 the regimental "Order of Merit" was introduced. For seven years' service a well-conducted soldier was entitled to receive a gilt medal bearing on one side the regimental crest of St. George and the Dragon, and on the other side the words "Vth Foot. For Merit". Fourteen years' service was rewarded with a silver medal bearing the inscription—"Fourteen Years' Military Merit", while the highest award of all was a silver medal inscribed

"For Twent-one Years' Good and Faithful service as a Soldier." The introduction of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal for the whole of the Army was undoubtedly inspired by this regimental "Order of Merit."

The Fifth served in the American War of Independence, being present when the first shots were fired at Lexington, and also at the battle of Bunker's Hill, where it is recorded that "The Fifth Regiment has behaved the best and suffered the most."

At St. Lucia in 1778 the Fifth though short of ammunition, held the heights of La Vigie against three French regiments. When the fight was over, four hundred dead Frenchmen lay in front of the Fifth's position. The men of the Fifth swarmed down from the heights, plucked the white plumes from the Frenchmen's cap, and stuck them in their own. For many years the "Old and Bold" proudly wore the white plums as a regimental distinction; when white plums became common in the British Army, the Fifth were allowed to wear a red and white ball or "pom pom", so as to retain their old privilege, and this is still worn at the side of the busby in review order at the present time.

In 1782 the Fifth became "The Northumberland Regiment," taking this county title as a compliment to their Colonel, Lord Percy.

After seeing service in Holland and South America (Buenos Ayres and Monte Video), the regiment was one of the first to be sent to Portugal in 1808, and as the roll of Battle Honours shows, took part in most of the big battles of the Peninsular War. When Wellington wanted an infantry regiment to do guard duty at his headquarters, a contemporary let-

ter records that "from the uniformly exemplary conduct of the Fifth Regiment, Major General Picton desires it may be ordered for that duty." Hence the nickname "Lord Wellington's Body Guard."

Of the action at El Bodon, where the 5th and 7th caught in an open plain by the enemy's cavalry in superior numbers, held off the French while withdrawing for a distance of six miles, Wellington himself said "The conduct of the Fifth, commanded by Major Ridge, affords a memorial example of what the steadiness and discipline of the troops and their confidence in their officers can effect in the most trying and difficult situation. The conduct of the 77th was equally good, and I have never seen a more determined attack made by the whole of the enemy's cavalry, with every advantage of assistance by superior artillery, and repulsed by these two weak battalions. "The regiment earned further praise for being among the first to force a way through the breach at Badajoz in April 1812. Here fell the gallant Major Ridge of whom it is written that he was "the soul of truth and honour, a soldier son of a soldier-family, brave with a courage that knew restraint. the Fifth paid dearly for Badajoz when Ridge died."

Six weeks after Badajoz was taken, the Fifth were inspected, and the Inspection Report says "The Regiment has distinguished itself on all occasions, and has been conspicuous for its regularity and discipline as well as for its irresistible gallantry in the field." There is a tradition that Wellington christened the regiment "The Ever Fighting, Never Failing Fifth" and the Iron Duke," usually so sparing in praise, certainly issued an order of a highly complimentary nature when the Fifth left

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St. Johns

headquarters, "requesting them to accept his thanks for their uniform good conduct, and brilliant and important services."

Immediately the Peninsular War ended, the regiment was sent to Canada to take part in the war against the United States. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, the Fifth were ordered back to Europe but landed too late to take part in the Battle of Waterloo.

In 1821 the death occurred at Brighton of Phoebe Hessel, a fisherman's widow, aged 108 years. The death of a centenarian widow seems an unusual thing to mention in connection with a regimental history—but Phoebe Hessel was an unusual person, for her tombstone states that she enlisted in H. M. Fifth Foot in 1728 and served for several years without her sex being discovered.

In 1833 the third or "drummer's colour" a cherished relic of Wilhelmstahl, was lost when the Commanding Officer's quarters at Gibraltar were burnt down. The War Office refused to allow it to be replaced, but some years afterwards a new and unofficial "third colour" was procured for the regiment. Finally, in 1933 the authorities relented sufficiently to grant permission for the "drummer's colour" to be carried on parade at the annual trooping of the colour on St. George Day. The Feast Day of England's Patron Saint is always honoured by the Fifth—even in wartime—and it may be added that the Northumberland Fusiliers are probably the only corps in His Majesty's Army possessing a special hymn of their own. "Saint George's Hymn", written by a former Canon of Newcastle Cathedral.

In 1836 the Fifth were made Fusiliers. When the Crimean War broke out the officers signed a petition asking that the regiment (then in Mauritius) should be sent to the front. The request was not granted, but the regiment was soon to see active service again, being sent to India to assist in suppressing the Mutiny. At the relief of Lucknow the Fifth Fusiliers captured the Colours of the 5th Native Infantry (Mutineers.)

In 1881 the old numerical titles were abolished and future Army Lists showed the regiment simply as "The Northumberland Fusiliers," though few (if any) regiments have clung more tenaciously to their time honoured number than "the Fifth" as members of the regiment still prefer to call it. The Northumberland Fusiliers saw further active service in the Afghan War, 1878/80, the Black Mountain Expedition of 1888 (when Lord Roberts said "there is not a finer regiment in Her Majesty's service than The Northumberland Fusiliers") and the Omduman campaign of 1898. A detachment also served in Ashanti, 1896.

Both battalions fought in the Boer War 1899/1902, winning 8 D.C.O's and 31 D.C.M's. Well worthy of remembrance is the story of an unknown signaller of the Fifth at Nooitgedacht in September 1900, when a small British column under General Clements was attacked by a strong force of Boers under De la Rey. This signaller stood at his post on the top of a cliff, heliographing messages and taking no notice of the bullets flying round him, until finally the enemy climbed up to his position, and he was swept over the edge of the precipice by a rush of triumphant Boers. Speaking of this engagement, the Boer General Beyers told General Clements that The Northumberland Fusiliers "fought like lions, and would not surrender, though outnumbered six to one." In October 1901 the Northumberland Fusiliers were again opposed to De la Rey and his commando, when the Boers attacked the rearguard of a British column at Kleinfontein and tried to carry off two of our field guns; but (to quote from Conan Doyle's "Great Boer War") "the small escort were veterans of the Fighting Fifth, who lived up to the reputation of their famous north country regiment. Of the gun crews of the section, the officer and twenty six men were hit. Of the escort of Northumberland Fusiliers, hardly a man was left standing." But the guns still remained in our possession.

In 1908 the Northumberland Fusiliers took part in the campaign on the North West Frontier of India.

During the Great War the size of the regiment was increased to fifty two battalions—a greater number than any other infantry

regiment could boast, including full brigades of "Tyneside Scottish" and "Tyneside Irish".

The 1st Bn landed in France in August 1914 and served there until the Armistice was signed, doing particularly good work at Mons, Messines, Hooze and St. Eloi. The 2nd Bn was brought home from India, landing in France with the 27th Division in January 1915; the battalion was transferred to Salonica after Loos but returned to France in time to take a full share of the heavy fighting of the last year of the war.

The Northumbrian Territorial battalion highly distinguished themselves at the second battle of Ypres; of their conduct then it has been said, "Some military historian has remarked that British soldiers never fight better than in their first battle, and this particular performance, carried out by men with the home dust still on their boots, could not have been improved upon." Of their work in the dark days of March 1918, Sir Philip Gibbs wrote "For several weeks they fought with a stubbornness which has never been surpassed in war." Other battalions of the regiment fought in Italy, Gallipoli, and Egypt.

The traditions of the "Fighting Fifth" were equally well maintained by the "Service" battalion of "Kitchener's Army." For instance, at Loos, the 13th Bn. (in action for the first time) succeeded in holding their trenches throughout a long and trying day, during which they lost 17 officers and 400 men, many of them being killed in hand to hand fighting. The manner in which the Tyneside Irish and Tyneside Scottish advanced (with their pipers playing "The Campbells are Coming") on July 1st 1916 near La Boisselle was described by their Divisional Commander as "simply wonderful" Victor Germaine, in his book "The Kitchener Armies", tells how "The 20th and 23rd Northumberland Fusiliers were literally wiped out; their gallant commanding officers were killed at the head of their men, and the progress of these battalions could be traced for days afterwards by a trail of bodies, growing ever thinner and thinner, each man with his face to the foe."

Eight Victoria Crosses and Eighty seven Battle Honours have been awarded to the regiment. Three of the V.C's were won during the Great War.

R. MAURICE HILL.

TO PREVENT THE MUTILATION OF HORSES' TAILS

The Massachusetts Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, after ten years effort, has persuaded the legislators of that state to pass a law forbidding the docking or setting up of the tail of a horse under severe penalties.

Whoever exhibits a horse whose tail is so mutilated is punishable by a fine. New York State passed last year forbidding the practice. It is believed that similar legislation will be obtained in other states. In time the mutilation will not be seen at Toronto Horse Shows. Most Canadian Horsemen frown on this practice. But at international shows it has been difficult to prevent the exhibition of such horses as long as the practice was permitted in the United States.

An Englishman and an American travelled in the same compartment of one of the Liverpool Expresses. The former spoke not a word to his companion who was the only other occupant of the compartment, and it was only when the train was across Runcorn Bridge that the American said: "Excuse me, sir, but your tie is riding up over the back of your collar."

"Well, what if it is," was the curt reply. "Your coat pocket has been on fire this last five minutes and I haven't bothered you."

It Was Easy There

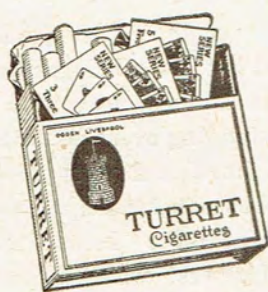
After a gruelling time in the line the battalion was being relieved. As the newcomers entered the trench, the sentry challenged them: "Who are you?"

"We're the Die Hards," (Middlesex Regiment) came the reply.

"Well," came the quick retort, "You'll find it d—easy to die here!"



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HOSS TRADIN'

By B. F. Sylvester

(Courtesy Saturday Evening Post.)

Part II

He paid fifty dollars for his Stetson hats, and as an eater was celebrated; his children say every day was Thanksgiving. He would drive through Kentucky and Missouri from home-cured hams and believed that he found the best on the worst road. Once, in a dining car the check for his youngest child was four dollars. During the war, he and his partners sold 75,000 horses and mules to the armies. He spent and gave away a fortune.

The Odyssey of a Trader

At twelve he ran away from home at Red Oak, Iowa, after trading ponies with a preacher's son. His father, a blacksmith, ordered him to trade back.

"No," he said. "It was a trade." He joined Hi Miller, then the greatest trader of all. At sixteen he had his own wagon and four horses. Another lad was the cook and a reader of dime novels. One evening near Hamburg, Iowa, a sow rooted past the enthralled cook and upset the bean pot on the fire. Hilliker, infuriated, killed the sow with a neck yoke. The owner of the hog had both boys arrested and it cost them the outfit to get out of jail. They walked out of town in different directions.

In an Atlantic, Iowa, hotel, Hilliker, then about nineteen, overheard a man speak offensively to a girl employed in the restaurant—a girl Hilliker never had seen before. He dragged the man outside, gave him a beating and returned to his wagon. The next spring he married the girl—sixteen year old Catherine Talty—and they went honeymooning in the covered wagon. The town thought it wasn't must of a match for her. For twenty years she went along, drove a wagon, bore children in camp, and when Hilliker

quit the road, broke, he founded a fortune on \$500 she secretly had saved.

Once Hilliker reached Council Bluffs with neither money nor food. Leaving his family in camp, he took a horse around to the barns to make a swap that would yield a few dollars. He tried all day and failed. When he returned to camp, supper was on and flour, bacon and other supplies on hand.

"Kate, where did this come from?" he asked.

"Do you miss anything around here?" she countered.

"No, nothing except the dog."

"That's it," she said. She had made her own swap.

Hilliker was diplomatic and would talk a long time to stay out of a fight, except in defense of a friend. So far as is known, he gave ground only once. In Oregon, about 1907, he had a dispute with a group of ten ranchers over his refusal to accept certain horses. Just as he believed the party was about to jump him, a big Irishman stepped over to his side and said they would have to take him too. When the others withdrew a little way to parley, the Irishman got Hilliker a horse, without saddle, and told him where to find food and shelter thirty five miles away. He took the horse and the advice.

"But they never could have made him take horses he hadn't bought," testifies his old partner. "They would have had to kill him."

Justice Tempered With Horse Sense

As a youth he earned the admiration of the St. Paul traders. An iceman had a beautiful team of runaways. He wouldn't deal with a trader. Hilliker learned where the man fed them. He took the top from his wagon and drove over, leading a pair of big, windy colts. He had his windbroken team feeding from the back of the wagon when the iceman came alongside.

"Where you from?" the man asked.

"Kansas. Grasshoppered out."

"Want to sell them colts?"

"No."

"Trade?"

"No."

The iceman was persistent. He talked Hilliker into taking the runaways and \$100 for the colts. Ed sold the team for \$400.

He was slow to advise, or interfere in another man's problem, particularly if the problem were of the man's own making.

Otto Schlueter, now a road contractor, once took him on a horse-buying trip. Schlueter was driving a pair of wild trotters. They were worse than broncos, because they were larger and could last longer. Stopping at a farmhouse, Schlueter left Hilliker holding the reins. When he got back to the road, no one was in sight. Soon Hilliker drove up. Schlueter asked what was wrong.

"Here's your lines," Hilliker growled. Schlueter tactfully said no more. It was obvious that the team had run away and that Hilliker had taken them four miles around the section line. Then the team ran again.

"Ed, help me hold 'em Schlueter called.

"Hold your own blank-blanked team!" Hilliker returned, in even tones.

After two or three miles, one horse turned out for a bridge and the party landed in a heap. Hilliker got out, stepping over Schlueter who wasn't hurt, and went to a farmhouse, but not for help. He asked if there were horses for sale. The farmers' wife saw no rig and asked how he had got there.

"I come with Mr. Schlueter."

"Where is he?"

"Layin' out there under a buggy on the bridge."

His chief diversion was poker. At Grand Island, Nebraska, an important war-horse inspection point, there was a game that ran for eleven days, with large sums on the table most of the time. He played every night, sometimes all night, but by day he attended to business.

As Hilliker prospered he built a barn a block long and an eight room house across the street in Fremont, Nebraska. There was company all the time, but no servants. Mrs. Hilliker and her three daughters were equal to all domestic situations. Every tramp was fed, and visitors had to stay for dinner or all night.

At a time when his firm was

making \$1000 a day on war-horse contracts, a real estate agent suggested that a man of his means should live in a more fashionable district.

"No," he replied. "I wouldn't have a house where I couldn't smell the barn."

His last deal was on a single span of mules, two weeks before he died in 1924. A farmer appeared at the house and told what he wanted.

"Chris," said Hilliker, "my days are about gone. I don't feel like any more business. But there's a team over at the barn I think would suit you. Cost you \$400." The man paid the money and went for his sight unseen team.

A few days later, Hilliker was taken to the hospital in Omaha, forty miles away. "Drive by the barn," he asked. He looked long, said nothing.

About an hour before he died, Bud Smith, a former associate, called, took his hand and turned away.

"Turn around here, partner," said Hilliker. "I know you're crying. I'm glad you are. I'd cry for you, too, if it was the other way." Smith turned and found him smiling.

Traders were not in court as often as might be inferred. First the losing swapper wasn't eager to advertise his defeat; second, the winner was skilled in talking his way out. Then, too, the horse sense of the justices of the peace was not always Blackstone.

A barn trader was summoned before a Nebraska justice on complaint of a dealer who said he had paid \$175 for a balky team.

"Did you tell this man the team would pull?" asked the bench.

"No, your honor."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said, 'You'll be surprised to see them work.'"

The justice was seized with an attack of coughing and hid his face behind a law book. Presently he emerged and addressed the complaining party:

"How long have you been trading horses?"

"Since I was seven, Your Honor."

The J.P. reflected upon this answer for a moment then ruled:

"The judgment of this court is

D'j'ever ?



just say "Dawes BLACK HORSE Ale Please"

that you better trade with some body else."

The Horse That Didn't Care

Yes, the trader was a handy explainer. There was the old one about the farmer who complained: "One horse of that team I got from you is blind."

"No, he ain't really blind," the trader said.

"He's blind as a bat," the farmer insisted. "He runs into things. He runs into the fence. He runs into the barn."

"Well, he ain't blind," was the soft answer. "He just doesn't care." This, presumably, was the original of Ed. Wynn's celebrated horse that just didn't give a damn.

Byron Clark, Burlington general solicitor, once appeared in a suit which was tried on the issue of whether balkiness in a horse is physical or mental. His client was a Plattsburgh, Nebraska, livery-

man who testified that the other man had told him, "Physical y, this horse is as sound as a dollar." The liveryman figured that he needn't bother about the mental state of the animal. The veterinarians called as experts were about evenly divided, but the jury concluded that balking was at least partially a physical state, and found for the liveryman.

Charley Mitchell, later to become wealthy with Hilliker in the horse commission trade, tells of his kidney dropper mare. The mare had a quick turnover. Shown in harness, she seemed all right, yet the instant she was unhitched, she would lie down and roll. There after she would raise herself on her front legs and sit. Mitchell, a huge man, could lift her the rest of the way by the tail, an advantage not owned by others. His customers sold back or traded back without haggling. The last thing they needed was a sitting horse.

The trader was a good actor. His wife and children were part of the setting. Not only did they lend verity to the idea that these were homesteaders on their way to a new location, but a wife's plea not to sell Ginger, her own property, or Nellie, the children's pride and joy, was disarming. Ed. Miller had been a road trader out of Louisville, Nebraska, for years when he was taken in by this comedy.

"One of my team was a dummy," he tells, "making the other horse and me plenty of trouble. He wouldn't lead, he wouldn't pull. I passed another trader with a nice looking young mare. I said would he trade. He said he might. The mare had an ankle bandage where he said a ring bone had been cut out, but she didn't seem to be lame any, and I thought if she could pull her half of that top wagon, there couldn't be anything wrong with her that I couldn't

fix. But something told me to watch out, and I began backing away. That's when the old lady speaks up: 'Pa, you ain't goin' to trade off Hannah! Why, we raised her from a colt.' I thinks now maybe the mare's all right, so I trade I'm not fifty yards down the road before she goes lame. The fellow had her hitched up and was just standing there waiting for a sucker like me. I had to give her away."

Bud Smith, a big commissioned dealer used to buy and sell around York, Nebraska, in his youth. When a strange trader invaded what Smith felt was his private pasture, Bud set out to rebuke his impertinence. Obtaining a fitty, Smith drove slowly for two hours up and down a road the interloper was accustomed to travel. They met, traded and drove away in opposite directions.

"He's traveling a pretty good clip," Smith observed to himself,

with satisfaction. "Looks like the mare will get warm and cut loose before he gets home." He was right, but the trouble was that Smith's new horse got warm, too, and just about wrecked the buggy. Another fitty; honors even.

From Horse Meat to Chicken

Bill Dunn, trader and auctioneer of Weeping River, Nebraska, recalls the chastening of a buyer he employed who paid sixty dollars for a beautiful gray at a farm eighteen miles out. The animal was a kidney dropper and it took two days to get her home. Dunn put her into a sale, "at the end of the halter"—meaning, as is. She brought thirty five dollars and someone gave two and a half dollars for the bargain. The second man turned her back to Dunn for a yearling colt, decided he didn't want the colt and traded for two dozen chickens.

Among gypsy traders, the wives and children were direct producers, selling fur coats and laces and telling fortunes. With such a backlog, the men were not driven by necessity into close bargains. The regulars thought there was no sporting blood in a gypsy; he demanded a sure thing.

The trader had plenty of time. He hurried no deals, had no quotas, no pep talks. So far as known no one tried to organize him. No congress man wept over his sad case. He got along well with others in the same line. Trading among themselves was largely accommodation. One needing a windy for a deal, another would help him out. All took care of their animals. A trader might have a poor coat for himself, but there was a rubber or canvas blanket to keep the rain off his snide.

There were traders who didn't stop at trading, it must be admitted. For example, the two brothers whom retribution overtook. They had a bulldog which they had taught how to catch a chicken back of the wings in such a way that the fowl squawked not, and there was a chicken, so to speak, in every pot. On the road, the dog was tied to the reach under the wagon box. Stopping to water their team in a creek that was

running high, the dog drowned, and the brothers went back to sowbelly.

The running pony and the little pulling mare were useful side lines. Some had fighting dogs and chickens.

Circulating in a little town, some member of a trader's party would remark that there was a boy out at the horse trader's camp with a pony he thought was fast. The boy had some money saved he had heard, and it would be easy to get, if anyone had a really fast horse. A match would be arranged for 300 yards and twentyfive to fifty dollars which the boy usually won.

County fairs were good spots for this. At one of them an old fellow was riding around the track before the scheduled races, on a horse that dragged its right hind foot and seemed able to do no better than a trot, despite being pounded with a lath. The crowd looted and the old man lost his temper.

"This horse can run, and I've got twenty five dollars says so!" he shouted. The challenge was accepted. A box appeared from somewhere with a saddle that seemed what the horse needed. He stopped dragging the hind foot and stepped about like a Thoroughbred, but he was the best horse on the track that day.

Pulling contests were arranged with similar guile. The capper would be in a group at a barn or dray stand. The mare would be tied to a buggy.

"You wouldn't think that little mare would outpull this big team," the stranger would suggest. The custom, insisted upon the trader, was to hitch to a wagon scale. The mare was like the trained weight lifter, the big team like the raw strong man. She knew about timing getting the whole body into the swing, as it were.

The terminology of the trader was crisp. To "come back with the halter" was to be beaten in a deal. A man without money in the spring had been "winter-killed." "Shut 'em down," was to give temporary relief to windies and heavies or heavers. A heavy also was described as having "the thumps." Drugs would check this lung affection for several hours.

The canny buyer would go around next morning early.

A bull-windy would go down at a little exertion. A windy was shut down by a sponge pushed up its nose. It then would breathe through the mouth. A string attached to the sponge permitted its removal. Another method, if the horse were being shown in motion, was a clamp over the nostrils, painted the color of the hair.

Equine Face Lifting

A wiggler, or bobby, had a spinal weakness that caused it to wobble behind. Such an animal would be hitched closely, traces and pole straps drawn up so there was no room to move. A freezer was one that couldn't back.

A smooth-mouth was any horse past nine years old. That meant that the last dark cup in the teeth of the lower mouth—the cups disappeared two a year after 5 years—had gone. Horsemen pay less attention to the upper mouth, which will give the age up to eleven years.

"Bishoping," or "cupping", was to drill small depressions in certain teeth and color them with sulphate of iron, depending upon how "young" the horse was to be.

The trader could do a bit of face lifting, making the sunken places above the eyes match the new teeth and color them with sulphate in air and temporarily puff out the skin. If the horse were a grey-head, he would paint the eyebrows. The last touch was a rubber band around the base of an ear, so that the horse held it forward instead of letting it flop back.

One buyer named Jim had a legitimate process for treating sore-footed animals. He took horses thought unfit for service off street cars and hacks, and seemed to make them as good as new. He would not tell or sell his secret.

Jim had come to Omaha from Chicago, where he had suffered a loss. There he was a trader, with a beautiful horse called The Bookkeeper that he kept hitched to a small wagon near the yards. He looked like a farmer and The Bookkeeper looked like \$250. Yes he would sell. His mother-in-law had died and he needed fifty dollars—and up—to get there. The

fact that anyone would steal that magnificent-looking horse for fifty dollars helped Jim to rationalize the scheme. The harness had a large leather housing above the collar—not uncommon. When it was taken off, a fistula appeared. The buyer would protest, as the horse was worthless for legitimate purposes. Jim would say, "You bought him cheap. You bought him the way he was. You didn't ask me to unhitch." But he wouldn't be hard; he would settle for twenty or thirty dollars. Then he hitched up again. The Bookkeeper would be sold as often as four times a day. He received the finest care. This went on for a year. One day when the harness came off, the buyer was looking the other way.

"Little raw place there," said Jim.

"All right," the man replied. "I want you to be satisfied." Jim went on. "I wouldn't cheat. If a man don't like my horse, I make it right."

"Maybe you want your money back," Jim said hopefully.

"No. I bought that horse and I want him."

Jim offered a premium, but the man went away with his horse. He followed as far as Traverse City, Michigan. The other man was a trader too. It took a lot out of Jim. He couldn't forget in the year or so that he was in Omaha.

A trader, if he were swindled was expected to do something about. How one avenged his honor is told in the account of a deal between a road trader and a barn trader. Competent observers say that, man for man, the road trader was a little better than the barn man. Billy Cole, now in real estate, was a barn trader. He had bought for thirty dollars a big yellow black horse with no special defects or good points either. On the bridge to Council Bluffs, Cole met a trader who offered a bay mare for the yellow plug. As far as appearance went, the bay was the best of the road man's

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string. That was enough to warn Cole, although the mare passed all the tests he knew of. Curiosity and the seven and a half dollars boot the other man offered were strong, and he traded. Until next morning he couldn't believe his luck. Then he couldn't believe it either. The mare wouldn't back and he had to get a team to pull her backwards from the stall. If that were all, Cole thought, it still wasn't a bad deal. He would keep her in a box stall. Then he just got his shoulder in the way of her teeth. So she was a biter. That called for study. Cole learned that the other trader was camped near town. He clipped the mare. With her legs trimmed and her winter coat gone, she was a beautiful animal, with some style. He named her Folly M and began driving her to a sulky. When her own mother wouldn't have known her, he drove by the trader's camp. Nothing happened. He went another day. The trader hailed him. Mare for sale? No, belonged to the wife. Anything he would trade for? No—well maybe for that little span of mules there and twenty-five dollars. It was a deal.

Fair Exchange and No Robbery

The trader looked up Cole next day.

"Get in this buggy!" he ordered. "I'm a-goin' to take you," the man said. "I'm a-goin' to take you and buy you a drink."

How did he learn he had got back his own mare? It was when she bit him in the arm.

A trader watched the eyes of another as a boxer does. Where he looked for defects in your horse was a good place to watch in his. A poke in the horse's ribs was revealing to a smart dealer. It could disclose bad wind, heaves or a tendency to fits. The trader had the percentage in his favor. The other fellow might know how to detect one, but rarely more than one, of a dozen ailments to which horses are subject.

Charles H. Creighton, of Omaha, member of the family which founded Creighton University, operates a garage where he and his father, John D. Creighton, had what was called the world's largest stable. He tells of a struggle between titans

"They were two great traders,"

he says. "They sat on the curb outside a saloon. They would talk and whittle awhile, then go in for a drink. They started about nine o'clock in the morning and went on all day and part of the evening. Finally, one said, 'I'll trade if you'll set 'em up.' They exchanged the horses which had been tied behind each man's buggy and went in for the last drink. Then someone switched the horses. The traders came out of the saloon got into their buggies and went away, each leading his original horse."

John D. Creighton became a capitalist, but remained a trader at heart. To the last he kept his office at the Palace Stables. "This is my bread and butter, and where I have my fun," he said. He bought horses at "from \$5 to \$5000." He could take care of himself, as Hilliker, young and confident, learned in his first experience. Hilliker had picked up a team of harness horses, nice-looking, but kickers. He took them to Creighton after working them down to a quiet state. They behaved perfectly, as any could see—that is, anyone but Creighton, who looked them over and said. "Well son, it's a good thing you have not got a cut glass dashboard."

The Kick in Horse Trading

"He would rather make ten dollars in a horse trade than \$10,000 as a capitalist," says Nick Ronin, a turf friend of many years. "Well, the old man's eyes are pretty keen yet," he could be heard chuckling after any successful deal."

A manufacturer wished to borrow \$60,000 on good security, and Charles advised him to drop around to the stables. He hadn't mentioned it to John D., who set looking into the street and complaining: "I haven't made a dollar all week. Wish I could make a trade. Why, if a circus came along, I'd try to buy it."

Just then a gaudy wagon drawn by a big team with brass-trimmed harness and red lines came by. It bore the legend, Niobrara Menagerie. A block down the street, the driver got out, sat down on the curb and began whittling. That was all the elder Creighton needed to know. Presently, Charles noted the two men on the curb,

both whittling. This went on for an hour. The man who wanted \$60,000 called and Charles went to his father.

"Son, I'm busy. Tell him some other time."

The manufacturer went elsewhere for his money. The whittling continued for another hour before Creighton bought the outfit for \$300 and drove it into the barn. Well pleased, he went home to lunch. Charles heard a commotion. Drivers, coming to feed their teams, couldn't get the horses inside. The odors of the Niobrara Menagerie terrified them. Charles moved the menagerie to the fourth and top floor.

The senior Creighton returned serenely from lunch, and his self-satisfaction increased in the afternoon when he sold the team and waggon for \$300, leaving a clear profit of an antelope, a timber wolf, two prairie dogs, a bobcat and a bad eagle. By this time two small black bears had been added, the gift of Charles, who bought them just to add to the general confusion. But his father promptly sold the menagerie to a city park and had his boot.

When cars began to be cheap and dependable, the road trader's decline set in. Roads were paved and no longer safe or comfortable to horse traffic. Tractors began to displace the orses and mules in the fields. Farmers were not so sociable. Once they had welcomed a chance to visit; now they had to be going somewhere in their cars. Boys were graduating from agricultural schools and appraising the trader's stock with a cold eye. There were laws against camping along the roads. Water and grass no longer were to be found freely.

When Every Horse Was a War Horse

At the end, the road traders had just about what they began with. The business went into the hands of dealers who bought, sold and shipped. Trading became negligible and confined for the most part to neighborhood. A recent swap in Iowa was Page 1 news for the largest newspaper in that section.

Charley Mitchell had seen what was coming and had interested twenty horsemen, most of them

traders in the commission-sales business. A company was formed with Hilliker as president. It prospered, but when the wartime boom in horseflesh began in 1914 with the arrival of the first remount-buying details from the Allied armies, Mitchell, Hilliker and Frank Simpson organized a new firm, and the business mounted dizzily until Armistice Day. Such as these made fortunes, but when the war ended the commission-sales trade and the horseflesh boom deflated among the first, and there was no road trading to return to. Simpson, however, still supplies war horses—mules to be exact. Since 1921 he has sent about 500 a year to the British Army in India.

War-horse contractors bought some animals "subject," paying a specified price if they passed inspection.

A man had a white faced horse he was determined to "get branded"—the term for acceptance. He sent the horse in several times, then he dyed the white face. When the horse appeared before him, the French inspector made a little speech. He said:

"Well, you pretty good horse. Some times you white face, some times you black face. I take you." It is presumed that the shipper by then was red face.

Not all the foreign inspectors were so keen. One contractor was distracted. "My inspector wanted every horse to be a steeplechaser," he says. Another was suspicious of any horse that had worn shoes. So he got broncos. A small dealer had his revenge upon an Italian captain he thought was arbitrary and not too well informed. He went into the country and bought three horses one a fine black animal. The others were fifteen years, one a windy, the second a heaver. He cupped the teeth of the old horses to make them "going on nine," and sent the three before the inspector, the good horse first.

"Take him away!" (correct) the officers shouted, as the dealer had anticipated. The fifteen year olds were sent in then. "And I got 'em branded," the old trader told all over the place afterward.

There was a French major who was heard to fool. A dealer had a bay mare that had been rejected by this same officer at Denver, Grand Island and Omaha. It sort

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of put the shipper on his mettle. He sent her to the Sioux City inspection. To the untrained eye, the mare looked like a thousand others. The inspector would slip up sometime.

When the major came upon the mare at Sioux City, he lifted his cap and bowed.

"Ah, the tourist! he cried. 'You beat me here. But sorry. Out!'"

Hemmed in by paving, his area reduced year by year, long after his old colleagues have died or retired, Emmanuel Starr, of Hastings, Iowa, clings to the road. He is seventy-eight year old and began sixty four years ago. He was a veteran of eighteen when his outfit met Hi Miller's one day and he saw a chunky, grinning boy making his start with blind horse. He met Miller again in the fall and asked about the boy. "The Hilliker kid," said Miller, "is going to make a trader." Starr was ill last summer—1933—and had to stay at home. But in the spring he will hitch again.

Hard times have a way of reviving old customs and cast-off things. A wagon trader operating in Arkansas was at the Omaha market on November thirteenth buying a car of trading stock. There are said to be several outfits moving in Western Nebraska.

The horse and mule properly are a normal farm crop. For one reason and another, farmers have been neglecting this crop for years. "Developments during the past two years indicate the beginning of a shortage of work stock which may reach serious proportions," reads a bulletin fresh from Washington. Even if this situation were recognized at once, the deficiency could not be met for several years, due to the shortage in breeding stock.

New Pastures for Traders

Bates is one of Missouri's banner mule counties and George L. Argenbright is one of Bates's big mule breeders. He testifies that it is beginning to dawn on the farmer that it takes a lot of corn, hogs and wheat to pay for one horse or mule if you have to buy the animal, the prices of these having fallen about one-half that of farm products generally. Meanwhile, the

shortage of work stock is such that two year olds are being put in harness and worked steadily. There are only seventeen jacks, eighteen stallions and two jennets in the county today, none under three and no farm raising more than four colts.

Horsemen are going to profit by this condition, and trust a trader to recognize opportunity's knock, even from the grave.

Records of Other Regiments.

The Royal Horse Guards, (The Blues.)

Battle Honours upon the standards:

"Dettlingen." "Warburg." "Beaumont." "Willems." "Peninsula." "Waterloo." "Tel El Kebir." "Egypt, 1882." "Relief of Kimberley." "Paardeberg." "South Africa 1899/1900." "Le Cateau." "Marne, 1914." "Messines, 1914." "Ypres, 1914, '15, '17." "Cheluvet." "Frezenberg." "Loos." "Arras, 1917." "Sambré." "France and Flanders, 1914/18."

This regiment, whose "musical ride" was a prominent lecture of the Royal Tournament at Olympia, was established as "The Royal Regiment of Horse" in January 1661, many of its original members being ex-troopers of Oliver Cromwell's "New Model Army" who had been thrown out of employment by the disbandment of a regiment of Horse at Bath.

When first raised the Royal Regiment of Horse was popularly known as "The Oxford Blues" from its blue uniforms and from its first commanding officer, Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who has been described as "a veteran cavalier who had won distinction in command of an English regiment in the service of Holland, when the Dutch Army was the finest in Christendom."

The regiment fought for James II against "King Monmouth" at Sedgemoor in 1685, and for William III against James II (whose misgovernment had alienated his English subjects) at the Battle

of the Boyne three years later. Then came a long period of peaceful duty at home, until 1743, when The Blues fought at Dettlingen under the personal supervision of their sovereign King George II. At Fontenoy the regiment rendered valuable service in covering the withdrawal of the British Infantry; the official account says "the behaviour of the Blue Guards is highly to be commended."

In 1750 the erection of "The Horse Guards", a building familiar to every Londoner and to every visitor from the provinces or from overseas, was commenced. Originally built as a barracks for two troops of the Horse Guards, the edifice afterwards became the office of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Great Britain and then an adjunct of the War Office. The mounted sentries on either side of the Horse Guards arch (the only mounted sentries in the British Army) are one of the most popular sights of London. Always drawn from the ranks of the Life Guards or The Royal Horse Guards, the presence of these smart, well built cuirassiers, who sit so impassively on their well-groomed black steeds has always seemed to the writer to be somehow typical of all that is best in the British race—strength, stolidity, calmness, cleanliness, and a great respect for the proud traditions of a noble past.

At the Battle of Warburg, in 1760 it is recorded that "The Blues behaved remarkably well." Prince Ferdinand, who commanded the allied forces on that occasion, issued an order publicly thanking the Colonel of The Blues. Lord Granby, "under whose orders all the British cavalry performed prodigies of valour, which they could not fail of doing, having His Lordship at their head." Granby was bald-headed, and when leading his regiment at Warburg, he lost both hat and wig. Throughout the battle his bald head shone like an oriflamme in the bright sunshine; an uncovered pate was an unusual sight in those days of flowing wigs, and for many years it was the custom in the army to nickname a bald-headed man "Marquis of Granby." The large number of inn signs which bore

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his portrait testified to his great popularity. The first of these inns to be named in honour of the Marquis of Granby was at Hounslow and was kept by an ex-trooper of The Blues. By his courageous leadership of cavalry in action, Lord Granby earned the thanks of Kings and Princes; not less honourable was the nickname of "The Soldier's Friend" bestowed upon him for his many acts of kindness and consideration towards the rank and file.

The Blues saw further active service in the Duke of York's campaign in Flanders, 1794, and in the Peninsular War, 1812-14. "The Military Panorama," published in 1812, gives the following description of The Royal Horse Guards:—

"The extraordinary size and comeliness of the men, their discipline as soldiers, their orderly conduct in quarters as citizens, constitute them a bright pattern for a Regular Army. The men must produce testimonials on joining that prove their previous

life to be unimpeachable, and should any trooper so misconduct himself as to incur the disgrace of corporal punishment, he is dismissed with ignominy; what would be deemed a venial obliquity in any other corps is regarded in a very serious light in The Royal Horse Guards Blue."

On August 24th 1814 the following Order was issued: "H.R.H. The Prince Regent in the name and on behalf of His Majesty is pleased to command in future where the two Regiments of Life Guards and The Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, or any two regiments, or detachments from any of the three regiments above named, or any two of them, shall be together on the same duty they shall be considered as one Corps of Brigade." Thus The Blues were granted equal status with The Life Guards as Household Cavalry and from thenceforward they shared "the King's Duty" between them. At the present time there is only one regiment of Life Guards, and they

change stations with The Royal Horse Guards from time to time, each regiment doing two years at Windsor, followed by two years in London. They never serve abroad, except in time of war.

At the Battle of Waterloo, The Royal Horse Guards distinguished themselves by overthrowing the French cuirassiers in what General Shaw-Kennedy described as "the only fairly tested fight of cavalry against cavalry during the day." It was a fair meeting of two bodies of heavy cavalry, each in perfect order." Another eye-witness described it as "the severest hand-to-hand cavalry fight in the memory of man."

Not until 1882 did The Blues see further active service. In that year a "Composite Regiment" composed of one squadron from each of the three regiments of Household Cavalry was sent to Egypt for the campaign against Arabi Pasha. The "moonlight charge" at Kassassin was a picturesque feature of the campaign. In the Soudan campaign of 1884-5

The Royal Horse Guards supplied a detachment for the Heavy Camel Regiment. At the Battle of Abu Klea." Corporal Mackintosh of The Blues rushed out of the square to try to save his commanding officer (Col. Barnaby) and paid for his gallantry with his life—an act for which, had he lived, the Victoria Cross would surely have been his reward."

A Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry served in South Africa during the Boer War, and on the outbreak of war with Germany in 1914 the same precedent was followed. As no cap badges had previously been worn by the Household Cavalry, they had to be designed rather hurriedly before the departure of the Composite Regiment for France. The design adopted (and still used) shows the Royal Cypher within a circle appropriately inscribed "First Life Guards," "Second Life Guards," or "Royal Horse Guards," and surmounted by a crown.

In November 1914, after a

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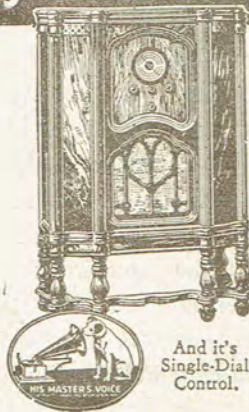


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short but highly creditable career. The Composite Regiment was broken up, each squadron returning to its own regiment, which had not arrived in France.

The Blues, by a judicious combination of skill and daring saved the 20th Infantry Brigade at Kruseek during the First Battle of Ypres. Later many of The Blues showed their adaptability by serving as infantrymen in "The Household Battalion." At the beginning of 1918 The Royal Horse Guards appeared in still another new role, on the formation of the Machine Gun Guards. The high reputation of the regiment was fully maintained during the period when it served as the 3rd (Royal Horse Guards) Battalion of The Guards Machine Gun Regiment.

To even attempt to outline the splendid services of The Royal Horse Guards in the Great War is beyond the scope of a short article. Their record has been fittingly epitomized by Field Marshal Lord Allenby, who has said "It was my privilege to be closely associated with the Household Cavalry from the earliest days of the war. Never have soldiers of the King been more sorely tried; never have been more finely displayed the virtues of endurance and valour—unsurpassable, well nigh superhuman—which changed defeat into victory. Not only as cavaliers did the Household Troops gain distinction; equally brilliant was their behaviour when fighting on foot. In later stages of the war converted to Infantry status, transformed to a Machine Gun organization, fresh laurels were gathered. Whatever duty might be set, it was gladly accepted, without protest or murmur. They rose to the highest plane of merit, confidently upborne in the knowledge that from those who are greatly trusted, great things are due."

As in the case of The Life Guards, the title "Sergeant" is replaced by "Corporal of Horse" that of "Regimental Sergeant Major" by "Regimental Corporal Major" and so on, throughout the warrant and non-commissioned ranks. Chevrons are not worn on the full dress uniform,

rank being denoted by aiguillettes. The uniform of the regiment is blue with scarlet facings; german silver helmet with red horse-hair plume. The Star of the Order of the Garter is shown on the front of the helmet, and The Royal Arms, with supporters, are worn on the pouches of all ranks.

R. Maurice Hill

General Topics.

So this is September, how the time does roll on. It is only a matter of putting the clock back an hour to convince us that the fall is here. The Militia Camp has gone and we wish them every success in their course. The Mechanical Transport is progressing favourably. We admit that we had our doubts when the driving lessons began but we feel fairly safe now. These lessons have been carried on for two or three weeks and since everything is still standing including the cannon we feel that we can rest at ease. The horses look on this course with disdain but then there is bound to be a little professional jealousy. Old "Teddy the Gray" is pretty conceited these days, he heard that he was getting his picture taken along with a Medal for Long Service, talk about snobbery in the Regiment! it's terrible. One of our N.C.O's on looking at a steam roller a few days ago thoughtfully remarked: "How do those things run, by gas or steam?" we will overlook the answer to that one, maybe somebody will enlighten us. The other evening one of our recruits was seen walking out with a big dinner knife tucked in his tunic. What was the idea? Was he walking out on us with our choice silverware? did he have some designs on some poor individual in the town? or was it on the off chance of running into a meal? on inquiries it was learned that puttee strings have a bad habit of becoming out and going spare once in a while and to have a knife along helps the situation out a lot. The football season has started and although we have lost a few good players we still have a good strong team. There have been some very good games played and many good games to come. The prospects for Basketball this year

do not look very promising and we hope that some arrangements can be made so that we can keep on with these games. During the month one of our N.C.O's went on a weekend to Montreal, he came back calling himself "Nightingale." Well, well, this does look bad, during his slumbers we have heard him murmur the name "Forence" may be that accounts for it. But you never can tell, you never can tell.

An officer of the Regiment, returning from leave in France, had partaken of a hearty dinner before joining his train at the base station. He took a seat in a train which he thought was destined for his railhead. Just as he settled down an official came along and hauled him out. He then took his seat in another train, from which he was subsequently removed. From this he went to another and entered a compartment in which was seated a newly joined and some what stereotype chaplain. In the dark he did not make an effort to restrain his vocabulary, and he did not realize the profession of his companion but asked in flowery language "Am I right for Hazebrout? the Padre said "You are right for hell."

Whereupon a weary voice said: "Curse it, I'm in the wrong train again."

"LIKE FLIES IN MY SOUP"

The Orderly Officer making daily rounds, at Niagara Camp, Aug. 11th visits Mens' Mess, at 2.30 p.m.

Orderly Officer, to Sergt. Cook: "Very few flies on the tables this afternoon, Sergeant."

Sgt. Cook, to Orderly Officer: "Between meals, Sir. Flies all in latrines just now, Sir. They'll be back as soon as "Cook-House is blown, at 4.30." Sir.

Two Lancashire weavers were discussing the proposal to keep boys and girls at school a year or two longer.

"Art in favor o' childer going to t'skoo til' their sixteen?" asked the first.

"Well, I hammot" replied the friend "I'm noane gooin to have eawr Bill coming whoam from t'skool and axin me for tuppence for a shave."

Livestock in Barracks.

(From Punch)

Peter the Perp.

Peter the Perp (which is American for "pup") was a dog of ambition. He was a climber. In fact he may be said to have worked his way up from the ranks.

He wandered into the barracks one day and began by making friends with the sentry. The sentry, Private Sling, standing at ease in a vacant but soldierly manner, was first aware of a serambing at his foot. Allowing his eyes to fall from the level gaze laid down by the drill-book, he observed a small black and grey puppy chewing his boot to the accompaniment of subdued but blood-curdling growls, as from one who would stand no nonsense whatever from an insolent boot that passed remarks at him.

Private Sling looked first to the right in the direction of the guardroom and then to the left in the direction of the Officer's Mess. Then he said, "Wotcher, mate!"

The effect on Peter the Perp was galvanic. It was apparently the first intimation he had had that the boot was not an empty one. He sat back abruptly upon his little sitting area and gazed up into Private Sling's face.

Private Sling bent down and addressed a funny little cuss!

Peter, whose powers of stereoscopic vision were not good, tried to lick his face, but underestimated the range by several feet.

Private Sling bent down, and at that minute Corporal Foresight, Corporal of the Guard, heralded by foul language, attacked him on the right flank.

Corporal Foresight, a stern disciplinarian, spoke, heavily about duty, dogs, sentries and company office for several minutes and then retired to the guard-room.

Peter the Perp, followed. At the door Corporal Foresight saw him and ordered him picturesquely away. Peter sat down on a stumpy tail, scratched himself intimately and then moved on unabashed into the guard room. Here he feasted heavily on what Private Rifle called "a spot of gyppo" actually about a pint and a half of stew-gravy, and ended up by fall-

ling into a profound slumber on Corporal Foresight's stomach.

When Sergeant Haversack, the Orderly Sergeant, arrived back at the Sergeant's Mess after visiting the guardroom he brought Peter with him. Peter arrived tearful but persistent. Deep down in his small bosom was an instinct to follow to heel, which since he hadn't had much practice as yet, had resulted in a badly bruised nose. He was given a place of honor on the rug, had a row with the Sergeants Mess cat, and at once sought protection with the Regimental Sergeant-Major under whose compelling glance the cat slunk away abashed. There is practically nothing a Regimental Sergeant-Major can't do with a glance. Our R.S.M. indeed has been known to stop a clock by looking fiercely at it.

Peter the Perp went the round of the barracks the next day and was rescued three times from grim-looking cats and once from a company advancing in line. He arrived eventually in B Company office, where he attracted the attention of higher authority through nearly getting sat upon by Quartermaster - Sergeant Fourbytwo whose chair he had selected for a doze. Of course, had he been actually sat upon by a Q.M.S., his colour-service would have come to an abrupt end and he would have been of no use to anybody, except as a table-centre. As it was he was more frightened than hurt, and proclaimed it for five minutes at the end of which time Lieutenant Swordfrog in the adjoining office, trying to unravel a knotty point dealing with Private Trigger's ration allowance, sent out an orderly with instructions to use either arsenic or cold steel.

Peter did the only thing possible in the circumstances. He came into the O.C.'s office to apologise handsomely to Lieutenant Swordfrog, and in a short while he was sitting in the "In Abeyance" tray on Swordfrog's table, trying to kill a copy of the Army Act. Five minutes later Captain and Quartermaster Ledger came in on business. Five minutes later still he left and Peter the Perp still displaying a taste for seniority in all its forms accompanied him.

Peter the Perp lunched at the Officer's Mess. He did himself

well, and was altogether so engaging that several officers wished to adopt him and played cold hands of poker against each other to that effect. Lieutenant James won him, whereupon the Mess secretary, who had been eagerly hovering round, instantly fined him half a crown in accordance with the mess Rules for letting his dog come into the Mess. James put Peter out on the verandah and for a quarter of an hour kept him out by lurid threats. At the end of that time the Mess secretary a man of no principle whatever, lured him in with a biscuit and booked up another half-crown. After this Lieutenant James paid ten bob for a season-ticket.

Nevertheless Peter the Perp left the Mess the next day and went to live in the Adjutant's quarters. It may have been the bath which James gave him (it led to the discovery that he was a grey and white pup, not black and grey); or it may have been that Lieutenant Holster tried to do a little practical geometry according to Euclid by "dropping a perp". The probability however is that Peter was just learning the different badges of rank.

Anyway he stuck fast to the Adjutant till, we presume, one day he observed this officer saluting the Colonel, where upon Peter shadowed the Colonel so persistently that of his nose wore the polish off the back of the Colonel's boots.

Peter stayed under the Colonel's aegis for a week, even though the Colonel of the regiment lying next to us was a little the senior till the day came for an inspecting General to visit us, and we all said good-bye to Peter.

On that day Peter the Perp, as we had guessed, left the Colonel. But he completely upset the whole barracks in so doing. For, instead of adopting the General, he disappeared, completely and was discovered later in the cookhouse where nothing would make him leave Private Butt, with whom he has stayed ever since. We are all very offended about it and the Colonel thinks Private Butt should be court-martialled for insubordination. Private Butt, on the other hand, has already applied to be put on the list of those to be considered for a commission from the ranks.

The Autobiography of a Mule.

(From the 3rd K.O.H. Old Comrades Magazine)

My origin is somewhat obscure. Suffice it to say that my dam was a partworn donkey I never liked her; it is because of her that I am—well just an accident.

In thus breaking the Fifth Commandment I do but live up to my reputation of breaking most things. My early career was so dull that beyond saying that it chiefly consisted of eating tibben and making nasty noses, I will leave it out.

Nobody has ever said anything good of me; in fact I have hardly been noticed. Therefore I am faced with the somewhat unpleasant task of blowing my own many trumpeters I have heard.

My colour is a pretty brown, trumpet. I can blow better than that is to say, when I am groomed but as I don't like being groomed I don't get groomed very often possibly about once a fortnight when the Transport Sergeant gets wind that there is going to be an inspection of animals. I have included myself among the animals although I have been called other things too. But mentioning this Sergeant fellow reminds me that I am part and parcel, mostly parcel, of a crack Cavalry regiment. Just prior to being posted, that is, sent by goods train in a moth-eaten cattle truck, I spent many happy days at a pretty little spot called, "Kantara." I used to watch the big ships going through the Suez Canal all day except when I was eating tibben. I don't really like tibben, but it's better than watching ships.

My ears are a little longer than their symmetry demands, but they show up well—at least, one of them does. The other is a little loose in the socket. Doozy King knows about this. My legs would not disgrace a thoroughbred if they were a little longer and not quite so thick in about seven places. Then I've a dream of a tail, a little like a lion's only more so. But for the fear of anthrax I feel sure the end would have been snipped off long ago for a shaving brush. I did hear that the Jemadar had designs on it for cleaning the

drains.

My conformation is so good that on a dark night, and with my rug on I might be mistaken for a horse—not that I want to be—or, dear no—horses are so stupid, and besides they don't get as much tibben as I do. My home address is No. 18 Stable, my country seat No. 8 Kraal.

Recently I have taken to wintering near Helwan. Why it was considered necessary to add 'wan' to the name I cannot imagine, unless it was to describe the appearance of the inhabitants. Certainly it is—"with the lid off." No candidly, I don't like the place. What with sandstorms, sand muzzles, girth-galls jackalls and the Air Forces, life there is a damned nightmare. Permanent manure duty at Abbassia is a day dream in comparison.

I have not yet suffered the indignity of being ridden,—at least, not for long. This also applies to my half section, another pretty brown. We are usually paired for work, but owing to our dislike of being ridden we were separated

for manoeuvres. Our new half sections were ridden; we just pulled sometimes—cunning devils!

How I do dislike this manoeuvre business, especially the Helwan an El Saff part of it. Miles and miles of dusty roads, then miles back again, then miles back to where I first went. The human animal may perhaps see some reason for this—I can't.

At last my head was turned towards home and again I heard the joyful music of the troops marching to church—Lucky devils!

I hope now to settle down to a peaceful summer—pulling manure, Nile mud, berseem, etc. meanwhile

employing my spare time eating saddle blankets horse rugs breast collars, berseem and, last but not least, tibben.

TROOPS BY AIR

The weight of a battalion for air travel would be 120 tons and this leaves 10 tons for supplies and crew, and as the former can be picked up twice on the way to India the lifting power of 130 tons just fits a battalion. Of course such a full weight will never be attempted at first and the highest estimate yet put forwards is for 400 passengers and 40 tons of baggage. The estimated

weights of 200 soldiers with their kits, ammunition and equipment, and the necessary crew and their baggage and the stores, fuel, food water and furniture for a voyage not exceeding six days are already decided. The weight of 200 men and kit is approximately 10 tons, and the crew approximately 4 tons. As regards fuel, the weight would depend upon the distance to be covered, the speed to be maintained and other factors, but it may be stated that, in addition to the weights indicated above, sufficient fuel and stores could be carried, it is estimated for a voyage of 3,000 to 4,000 miles.

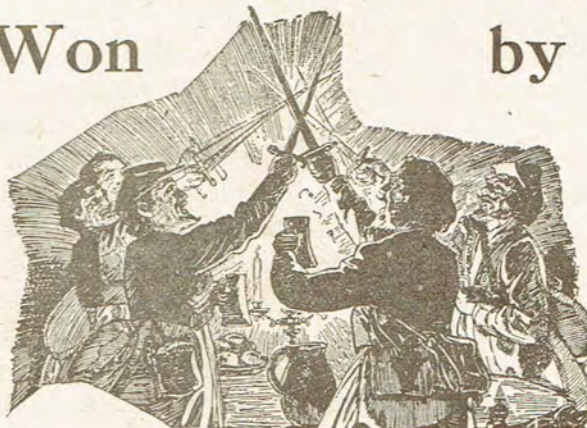
A cockney went into a shop to purchase a certain article and for payment offered an extremely doubtful looking two shilling piece.

The shop keeper spun the coin on the counter and remarked:—"Look ere, this florin don't ring true."

The reply came immediately:—"Well, what do you expect for two Bob, a peal of bells."

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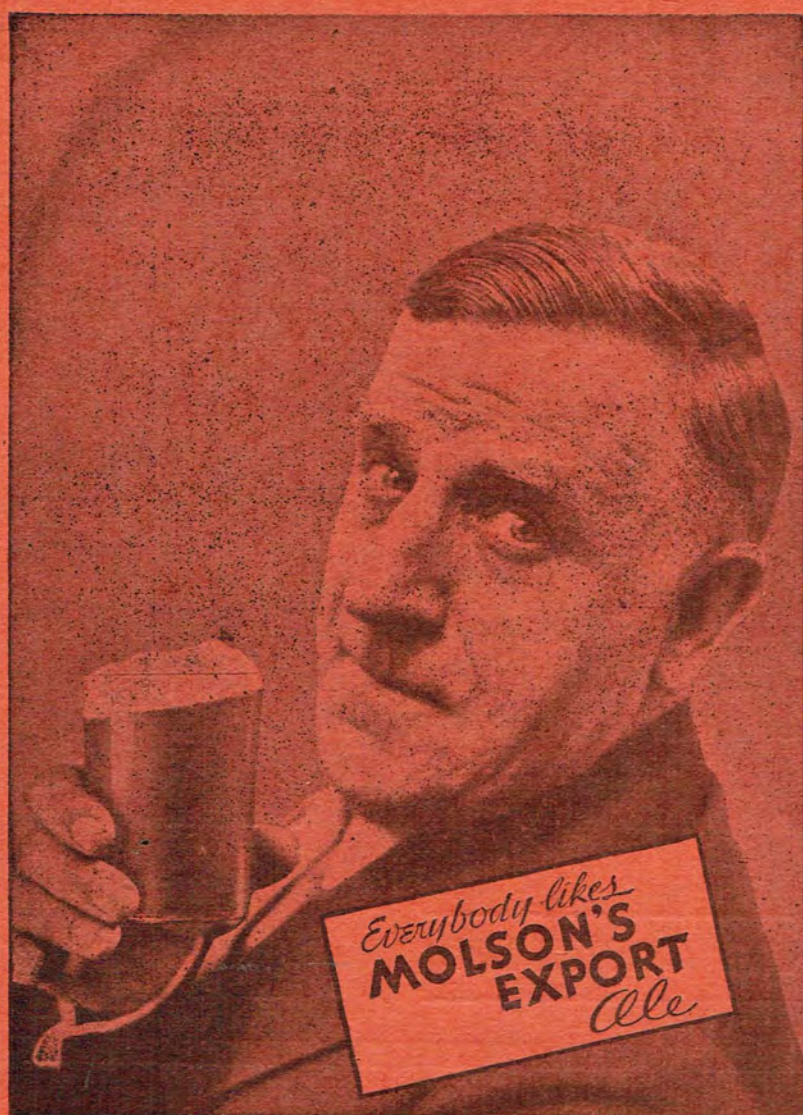
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